

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY,

BY

MRS.

W

E

S

T;

H
Ganey

WRITTEN AT AN EARLY PERIOD OF LIFE.

L O N D O N:

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MISCELLANEOUS POETRY

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MRS W E S T



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1892

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Lady CHARLOTTE WENTWORTH,

THE
FOLLOWING POEMS,

WITH
HER LADYSHIP'S PERMISSION,

ARE
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

JANE WEST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE applause, which the following Poems have received from a few respectable individuals, first suggested to the Authorefs the idea of publication. The candid part of mankind will not indulge the severity of Criticism, when they are informed that the Writer is so fully engrossed by the essential duties of domestic life, as not to be able to consider Poetry in any other light, than as an agreeable relaxation.

Should the present undertaking meet with a favorable reception, she may, perhaps, have the courage to publish a larger work; but whatever may be the event, she will have the consolation to reflect, that the cause of Religion and Morality will receive no injury by her attempt to acquire Literary Fame.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

ELEGY TO A FRIEND,

Who advised the AUTHOR to correct and Publish her POEMS.

AH! what avails, that with discerning eyes
Thy friend the off-spring of her pen reviews;
By rigid syntax each expression tries,
And curbs the licence of the sportive muse?

Ah! what avails, that to the forceful thought
She adds the Polish of industrious art;
Or, by sage rules, approv'd by ages, taught,
Confines the impulse of the swelling heart?

The tedious, solitary, wint'ry hour
To letter'd lore, in vain hath she assign'd;
And trod regardless, on spring's op'ning flower,
As magic verse enwrapt the lab'ring mind.

Oft, as the swains their joyous concourse held,
 As mirth and song prolong'd the festal day,
 By fancy's fascinating power impell'd,
 Her devious feet have wander'd far away.

Then, in some shady covert, unperceiv'd,
 To times remote, her pensive thoughts have turn'd;
 When ancient heroes deathless fame achiev'd,
 And fell ambition its destruction earn'd.

The black battalions shadow all the plain!
 The rising tumult rends the trem'bling air!
 It dies away;—and now that plaintive strain
 Mourns for the fate of some much injur'd fair!

Yet, all in vain the clam'rous tumults rise;
 Or British chiefs in simple state appear:
 The generous *Edmund unregarded dies,
 And Harriet's woes enforce no pitying tear.

The deadly nightshade still, with poppy twin'd,
 Drops on my song its cold oblivious dew;
 Dull disappointment overclouds my mind,
 And checks the promise of the sanguine muse.

Faint expectation, pale foreboding care,
 My watchful vigils now by turns employ;
 Lost is the festal smile, the sportive air,
 Which spake a heart attun'd to peace and joy.

Ah!

* Alluding to another work of the Authorefs.

Ah! vagrant muse, by thee too soon deceiv'd,
 My infant heart thy choral songs approv'd;
 I pour'd my native wood-notes unperceiv'd,
 And thee, ere reason dawn'd, to madness lov'd.

Soft sensibility, thy fatal Child,
 With magic power enslav'd my ductile mind;
 Then, whilst success on all my wishes smil'd,
 Her touch to extasy each joy refin'd.

And, Oh! my friend! yet, why to thee explain
 A truth, thy feeling heart must oft deplore?
 She too can aggravate the stings of pain,
 Till weary nature can sustain no more.

With such a bosom inmate shall I dare,
 The unknown paths of public fame to try;
 At fashion's high tribunal urge my prayer,
 And on the sentence of caprice rely?

Still as of old, fame's golden fruit to guard,
 An ever wakeful dragon couchant lies;
 Around lies scatter'd many a murder'd bard,
 Who erst adventur'd to obtain the prize.

Say, should thy timid friend the fight demand,
 Fir'd by the prospect of the rich reward,
 Will generous candor and the tuneful band,
 Who know to gain success, her doom award?

For they alone can tell, of joys and pains
 How large a tribute, to the muse is paid :
 Nor yet will candor scorn the guiltless strains,
 That nature whilom taught a village maid.

A N E L E G Y

U P O N T H E D E A T H O F

*The Honourable ISABELLA MONTAGU, only daughter of Lord
 BEAULIEU, who died on her return from BRISTOL Hot Wells.*

COMPOSED AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

WHEN age, submitting to the Tyrant's blow,
 Lifeless and pale lies on the mournful bier,
 His hoary honours stop the tide of woe ;
 Yet from the eye of pity streams a tear.

When beauty finks, array'd in youthful charms,
 Beauty ! by all the heaven-born virtues drest ;
 When soft-eyed virgins fill death's icy arms,
 Say, can the big swollen sorrows be suppress'd ?

Fair

Fair Isabella, in life's early bloom

Join'd the lone tenants of the myrtle shade !

Her form lies mould'ring in the dreary tomb !

To sound her charms, ye Muses, lend your aid.

Ye virgin train, prepare a mournful wreath ;

Let deathless bays the sacred crown surround ;

Here, let the amaranth a place receive,

With roses shaded, and with Cyprus bound.

No wither'd flowers shall grace the fair one's tomb ;

No venal praises shall my Muse bestow ;

She shone distinguish'd in unrivall'd bloom ;

In heart-felt numbers let my sorrows flow.

Yes, Isabella, ever matchless maid !

Long o'er thy tomb shall flow affection's tear ;

Long shall lamenting dirges sooth thy shade,

And Angels hov'ring, watch thy relics dear.

Form'd by the graces, with the virtues join'd,

Some mark of favour each benignant gave ;

Those form'd thy beauteous person, these thy mind ;

Form'd thee, alas ! to fill an early grave !

Born to relieve, with fortune's favours blest,

Thy gentle presence constant joy bestow'd ;

Thy ready hand protected the distress,

And wip'd the tear of anguish as it flow'd.

Yet, why my lyre, refuse to sound her praise?

The chords lie dumb; the Muse inspires no more;
Again it sounds;—yet sounds funereal lays,
Thy loss, sweet Isabella, to deplore.

'Twas her's to spread continual joys around!

The King of terrors saw, and wing'd his dart:
Nor love parental could prevent the wound;
Nor willing friendship screen the victim heart.

Now pale consumption seiz'd her vapid blood;

She, like the drooping lily, bow'd her head:
Nor med'cines power could check the pois'nous flood;
Nor baths salubrious, healing balfams shed.

Her spotless soul to realms of joy convey'd,

On wings cœlestial, fought its native shore;
There may she shine, with lustre undecay'd!
Forever shine, and sure to set no more!

Such was death's hatred to the honour'd name

Of Montagu, defender of the throne!
She o'er their glories cast a softer fame,
And to their virtues smil'd to add her own.

'Twas Montagu, * who in a barb'rous age

Stood forth, defender of his native land;
He stopp'd a guilty matron's murd'rous rage,
And bound a tyrant in an iron band.

'Twas

* William Montacute in the reign of Edward III. seized and imprisoned Mortimer, a favourite of the Queen Mother.

'Twas Montagu, * who bid proud Gallia know,
 The mighty firmness of Britannia's power;
 At his command, his archers drew the bow,
 And pale-ey'd terror fill'd the hostile tower.

'Twas Montagu † who held the even scale,
 And with firm justice, blest his native isle:
 He liv'd;—nor could presumptuous vice prevail;
 Tho' bigots dar'd his virtues to revile.

Nor be the bounteous Montagu ‡ forgot,
 Who first in Boughton fix'd his calm retreat:
 For peaceful scenes were his beloved lot,
 And thousands blest'd him for the bread they ate.

The means, proportion'd to his liberal hand,
 He liv'd in simple, patriarchal pride;
 Yet, when rebellion shook this wretched land;
 He, crown'd with honor, for his sovereign died:

In

* Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, General of the English Army in France, in the reigns of Henry V. and VI.

† Edward Montagu, Chief Justice, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

‡ The first Lord Montagu, of Boughton, in the reign of Charles I. often fed 1200 people at his hospitable gate. At Eighty years of age, he was, for his loyalty to his Prince, commanded by the parliament to come up to London; but he did not survive the journey.

In fame, succeeded by that graceful Peer ; *
 Who dar'd his injur'd country's rights to own,
 Whose virtues, moving in an ample sphere,
 Disdain'd the bigot Prince, who fill'd the throne.

From Gallia's palace, he the model brought ;
 And on the pattern rais'd his proud abode :
 The true nobility of generous thought,
 His active life, and pleasing manner shew'd.

Thee too, † great heir of all thy father's praise,
 Whose wide beneficence a Nation blest,
 As distant times on thy long vistas gaze,
 Still shall the planter's virtues be confest.

So much distinguish'd was the honour'd name !
 Fair Isabella crown'd the matchless line ;
 The latest ages shall record her fame,
 Who taught her race in mildest charms to shine.

'Twas their's to rule, to conquer, to defend,
 To save a sovereign, to uphold a state ;
 She liv'd, meek virtue's patroness and friend,
 And taught how spotless goodness might be great.

Sweet

* Ralph, first Duke of Montagu, a most accomplished Nobleman, he was particularly instrumental in the revolution ; his seat at Boughton was built by him, upon the model of the Palace at Versailles.

† John II. Duke of Montagu, whose unbounded liberality is too well known to need a particular Relation : For the numberless Vistas which he planted round his seat in Northamptonshire, he acquired the epithet of the Planter.

Sweet Nymph, I feel my flowing spirits burn
 To paint thy merits, to record thy praise;
 I long, with sweetest flowers, to strew thy urn;
 I long in vain, too feeble are my lays!

EDWARD AND HARRIET,
 AN ELEGY.

FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

INVOKING her, who press'd the plaintive string
 Of Shenstone's lyre, I seek my fav'rite grove;
 Thy sufferings, Harriet, kindred fair, I sing,
 And the rude triumphs of heart-rending love.

Sweet maid! more soft than spring's reviving gale;
 Attractive, modest, as the opening morn!
 Gay as the roebuck, springing o'er the vale;
 Fragrant and blooming, as the may-drest thorn!

Boast not, queen lily, thy attire of snow;
 Nor thou, vermillion rose, thy hues proclaim;
 How faint your beauties, to the vivid glow,
 That nature blended in that lovely frame!

Still at affliction's tale, her lucid eyes
 Increas'd their brightness with a pearly tear;
 Her blameless thoughts, requiring no disguise,
 Imagin'd others, as herself, sincere.

Serenely happy in retirement's arms,
 She pass'd life's sportive, unimpassion'd morn;
 Whilst sighing swains, enamour'd, felt her charms,
 And rival beauties wept, by envy torn.

'Twas then, false Edward to her cottage came,
 From the proud haunts of dissipated joy;
 Oft had he heard of Harriet's peerless fame,
 And came, inhuman tyrant, to destroy..

He saw, he felt the magic of her eyes;
 Then mark'd th' unfriended victim for his prey;
 With solemn vows, and passionating sighs,
 Low at her feet the artful suppliant lay.

Could she, who knew not what deception meant,
 Such solemn vows, such gentle manners fear?
 Quick rose the mantling blushes of consent,
 Fast stream'd enwapt affection's grateful tear..

The rising flame, delighted Edward saw,
 And lured his Harriet from her native grove;
 Then, yet with trembling diffidence and awe,
 Pour'd forth the dictates of licentious love.

She

She heard ;—her eyes their sprightly radiance lost,
 A death-like paleness, o'er her features spread ;
 Her tortur'd heart by warring passions tost,
 Beat with convulsive tremors whilst she said ;

“ Is this thy promise, Edward ? this the vow
 Of chaste affection, of unsullied truth ?
 Yet leave me, leave the luckless Harriet now,
 To weep the fond belief of trusting youth.

Was it for this, in wealth's insulting pride,
 You woo'd my love, to whelm me in despair ?
 To tempt my honor with the name of bride,
 Then boast your conquest to some happier fair ?

Tho' to thy wish the envied damsel brings
 The smiles of fortune, and the pomp of power ;
 The generous soul disdains such sordid things,
 And honors virtue, as the nobler dower.

Since fortune at my birth no gifts bestow'd,
 Save that content, which humble minds possess ;
 Why didst thou, Edward, seek my mean abode ?
 Why cruel strive, to make that little less ?

Say that thy suit prevails, and I'm undone !
 Where shall the wretched, ruin'd Harriet flee ?
 Abjuring friends the poor lost being shun,
 Scorn'd by the world, and lastly scorn'd by thee.

Not

Not unimplor'd my virgin heart was giv'n,
 Not unencourag'd did my passion flame;
 And, Oh! how often hast thou sworn by heav'n,
 That none, but me, should bear thy consort's name!

And be that heav'n my witness, that my love
 Ne'er meanly stoop'd to base ambition's lure;
 Tho' doom'd with thee, the worst of ills to prove,
 Be thou but mine, my comfort is secure.

She spake, mild virtue beaming in her eye;—
 Her firm resolve the guilty youth survey'd;
 He vow'd next morn, the nuptial knot to tie,
 And gain'd forgiveness from the yielding maid.

He went the promis'd nuptials to prepare,
 Exulting secret in the low born jest;
 Bright rose the sun, then soon th' expecting fair,
 In gay attire her beauteous person drest.

On him she mus'd, whilst he, perfidious man,
 A noble virgin to the altar led;
 From ear to ear their pomp and splendor ran;
 She hear'd, and bow'd her uncomplaining head.

Alone she breath'd each agonizing sigh;
 Conceal'd affliction faded every grace;
 Soon the bright sapphire left her hollow eye,
 And death's cold mantle veil'd her lovely face.

Edward!

Edward! 'twas thou, that burst the bars of time,
 And shew'd the maid, the regions of the tomb;
 'Twas thou, regardless of its early prime,
 That cropp'd the opening rose-bud's vernal bloom!

May her wrong'd image all thy joys infest!
 May conscience chill thee with infernal fears!
 What now avails to beat thy perjur'd breast,
 And wet her grave with penitential tears?

O flow'r of flow'rs! that never knew'st compeer;
 Go, in the skies, thy native climate blow:
 No wintry storms thy tender frame shall fear;
 But safely through immortal summers grow.

O kindred shade! permit a rural maid
 To hang this off'ring on thy silent tomb;
 There should the myrtle spread her fragrant shade,
 There deathless am'ranth elegantly bloom.

Soft sleep thy dust! where love no more invades;
 Where falsehood charms not, and where beauty dies;
 Where all the tinsel shew of grandeur fades,
 Soft sleep thy dust! till JESU bid the rise!

A N E P I G R A M

*Occasioned by a great Mortality in the Village where the
Author resided.*

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

THE knell of death, tremendous, strikes again

On aw'd mortality's awaken'd ear!

Slow down the village move the fable train,

The silent followers of the lifeless bier!

To day! perchance, the young with streaming eyes

Lament the parent and the guardian dead!

To-morrow! feeble age, with hopeless sighs

Upholds expiring manhood's languid head!

Plead-on, ye charmers, with persuasive tongue!

Death, the deaf adder, will not hear ye pray;

Ye sons of music, try the soothing song!

He strikes! tho' angels tuned the pleading lay!

How dread my song! thy triumphs, Death, I sing!

Since the fierce tyrant ne'er was known to spare,

Ere yet my bosom feels the mortal sting,

To his Director I'll prefer my prayer.

My

My life, the safety of my friends, I owe
To heav'n's omniscient providence alone;
That buckler warded the impending blow,
Or heal'd the sickness, when the shaft was thrown.

Amid the gen'ral ruin, safe I stand,
And breath uninjur'd, pestilential air!
The King of Kings, displays his pow'rful hand,
And health and vigor at his word I share.

In pleasing childhood's inoffensive morn,
I saw the playful Mary-Ann decline,
Ere keen malevolence, or wounding scorn,
Distain'd her robe of innocence divine.

These hands to dust her kindred relics bore,
With flowers adorn'd; herself the sweetest flower!
Happy advent'rer! soon thy task was o'er!
Now carol anthems to th' eternal power!

Calistus next, sunk to the silent tomb!
With him, Jemima clos'd her heavy eyes!
Within one grave, the kindred forms consume,
Beside the youth, the lovely sister lies!

The vig'rous boast of florid health, how vain!
See wasting sickness instantaneous seize!
Fast boils the blood in every turgid vein,
And tortur'd nature calls on death for ease!

And

And now, Sin's offspring with impetuous speed,
 Enthrones destruction in a livid car;
 Resolv'd the av'rice of the grave to feed,
 He spreads the putrid exhalation far.

A groan succeeds ! ah ! spare the gen'rous friend,
 In him, the neighbour, husband, father dies !
 From yon low dwelling, what loud shrieks ascend
 There, on his death-bed, good Artemon lies

Oft was he wont, the blazing hearth beside,
 To cheer the social hour with moral lore :
 His mild benevolence, diffusing wide,
 To all imparted from his little store.

Still, as the rustic banquet is prepar'd,
 His loss, impassion'd mem'ry shall supply ;
 There, his repeated jests shall oft be heard ;
 The tale concluding with a thrilling sigh.

Not so we wept, when old Eliza paid
 The debt of death, to time and nature due :
 See Virtue, crown'd with hoary hairs, we said
 So may we die with blessed hope in view !

Yet cease the song ; — descriptive lays are vain ;
 When heaps on heaps around promiscuous die !
 Still through the village moves the funeral train,
 And the hard Sexton learns at last to sigh

Nor

Nor is the raging fever here confin'd;
Through all the realm, the flaming javelin flies;
Whilst war its twin destroyer of mankind,
Lifts its red banners, waving to the skies.

Eternal God! in thee alone we trust!
Our foes discomfit, mitigate our pains!
Can thy great acts be chaunted in the dust?
Or sounds thy glory where oblivion reigns?

AN ELEGY TO A GENTLEMAN,

*Upon his Intention of going Abroad soon after he had completed some
elegant Improvements near his Country Seat.*

THE breeze, that whispers thro' yon new-born grove,
Now seems to utter nought, but notes of woe;
The rills, that o'er the mead, meand'ring rove,
In plaintive, melancholy murmurs flow.

Beside yon birch, a fair dejected train
Of sedge crown'd Naiads, rend their dripping hair;
And echo to the dryads of the plain,
The mournful accents of intense despair.

F

And

And can'st thou C****, whose ingenious mind,
 Science irradiates with her classic powers;
 Behold each beauteous head with grief declin'd,
 Yet still resolve to quit thy infant bowers?

Can'st thou the new invited nymphs displease?
 See, trembling Oberon deserts his throne,
 Much fearing, that some barbarous hand should seize
 His subject flowers, their guardian genius gone.

Think'st thou, the ruthless fowler will not scare,
 The thrush and linnet, tenants of thy shade?
 Will untaught hinds, thy darling may-bush spare;
 Or tread with cautious step, thy moss-grown glade?

Poor Arethusa pitifully cries,
 Some new Alpheus will her haunt profane;
 She drops her urn, ah! see how fast she flies!
 Who can recal the fugitive again?

I see the ivy from the ruin torn;
 The naked cave admits the solar beam;
 Whilst desolation, with indignant scorn,
 Points at the broken arch, and stagnate stream.

Oh! stay, protect the scenes thy taste design'd,
 Bear to the inspiring muse thy votive bowers;
 Bid the shade deepen, and the foliage wind;
 And give to rural joys, thy tranquil hours.

Shall

Shall haughty France, in arms triumphant now,
 Lure thy fond footsteps from thy native shore?
 And can'st thou patient, see the Gallic brow
 Crown'd with the naval wreath, from Britain tore?
 Oh! stay, thy native country claims the aid
 Of every son, whose breast her welfare warms;
 Give to the labourer's hand the plow and spade;
 Nor let him listless fold his brawny arms.
 Bid the wild waste with yellow harvest smile;
 With future navies, yon proud hill array:
 The sure reward shall amply pay thy toil,
 And conscious virtue bless thy useful day.

*The Author met with the following Story in a Magazine, and has not varied
 any of the Incidents. She is ignorant whether it ever made its appearance
 in a poetic dress.*

A L L E Y N E A N D E L L A,

A L E G E N D A R Y T A L E.

P A R T t h e F I R S T.

O Bertram! to whose breast alone,
 My sorrows I confide;
 Go, seek in Spain, my Alleyne dear,
 And bid him claim his bride.

Earl

Earl Edgar's large domains have won
 My father to approve;
 Nor yet, will my unyielding scorn,
 Abate his ardent love.

Submissive, to my fire I kneel'd,
 To plead my previous vow;
 He turn'd from his distracted child,
 And bent his angry brow.

One little month, and I perforce
 Must to their wishes yield;
 Unless my Alleyne should return
 Victorious, from the field.

Oh! bid him quit his martial toils,
 And to his Ella haste;
 For, Ella's love, no change of scene,
 No length of time can waste.

Oh! tell him, that a kneeling Earl
 Hath fail'd my truth to move;
 Less precious haughty Edgar's state,
 Than gallant Alleyne's love.

Tell him, the broken piece of gold
 I keep with strictest care;
 His picture too, dear sacred pledge!
 E'en at my heart I wear!

Say,

Say, that I daily seek the grove,
 That witness'd our adieu;
 And there in solemn wise, to Heav'n
 For him my prayers renew.

Oh! mount my father's swiftest steed,
 And take the shortest way;
 Nor yet may storms, or robbers fell,
 Thy wish'd return delay!

He chose her father's swiftest steed,
 He took the shortest way;
 Nor yet did storms, or robbers fell,
 His wish'd return delay.

But first the destin'd month expir'd,
 And Raymond joyful cried;
 Prepare the feast; my daughter now,
 Will be Earl Edgar's bride.

Earl Edgar brought a milk-white steed,
 With crimson trappings rare;
 And this, he cried, shall to my towers,
 My loveliest Ella bear.

Now Ella's heart with terror beat,
 And yet she craved delay;
 Reluctant Edgar slowly yields,
 One other month to stay.

The other month, was almost **flown**;
 When, by the lamp's pale light,
 Fair Ella saw her page **return'd**,
 And blest the joyful sight.

O, welcome Bertram! welcome **home**!
 But, what doth Alleyne say?—
 I saw him, Lady—then to **weep**,
 He turn'd his head away.

And, hast thou seen him?—what **mischance**
 Doth still my love detain?
 Ah! no mischance detains **thy love**;
 Here Bertram wept again.

Ah! wherefore then, that **torturing pause**?
 Come, instant tell the whole!
 Lady, I will, tho' much I **fear**
 His crimes will irk thy soul.

His crimes!—ah, traitor! **greatly fear**
 Such virtue to arraign!
 Oh, blister'd be the **fland'rous tongue**,
 That dares his truth profane!

Then, might you see the **conscious red**,
 Mount quick in Bertram's face;
 How, has my constant love **deserv'd**,
 A charge so highly base?

The

I told

I told him, how a kneeling Earl
 Had fail'd your heart to move;
 But led by bright ambition's fun,
 He scorns the star of love.

I saw him, at the holy shrine,
 Bestow his plighted hand;
 And by a fair Castillian charm'd,
 Renounce his native land.

He whisper'd me, as from the church
 His stately bride he led;
 Perchance thy mistress now may deign,
 Her kneeling Earl to wed.

Here Bertram paus'd; for Ella's cheek
 Had lost its crimson dye;
 Cold were her alabaster hands.
 And fix'd her rayless eye.

She fainted, but resentment soon
 Did wandering sense restore;
 Then Alleyne's picture from her heart,
 The indignant Lady tore.

Could he deceive? and then she gaz'd
 Upon the pourtray'd face;
 There manly beauty seem'd to blend
 With each ingenuous grace.

Could

Could he deceive? and then the call'd
His former vows to mind;
And have not vows a solemn power,
The speaker's soul to bind?

Say, was the Spaniard wond'rous fair?
Or did the scoffing smile
To hear a recreant lover's tongue,
An absent maid revile?

And did I pour the fervent prayer,
For him at morn and eve?
For him more noble lovers far,
And festive pleasures leave?

Say, Alleyne, is thy scorn the meed
For every lonely tear?
I fear'd the storms; I fear'd the wars;
Thy truth I did not fear.

Yet, Alleyne, I'll thy counsel take,
I'll shine Earl Edgar's bride;
Thou shalt not tell thy Spanish wife,
How love-lorn Ella died.

Yet sure 'twill grieve his haughty soul,
My fix'd disdain to hear;
The faithful heart when wrong'd in love,
Can be in hate sincere.

Yet

Yet, in that heart, where lately love
 Unrival'd empire gain'd,
 Shall fell revenge admission find?
 Oh! be that thought disdain'd!

My breast shall nurse no murd'rous wile,
 My lips no curses breathe;
 Far happier is the maid forlorn,
 Than he who durst deceive.

Now let me hasten to fulfil
 An aged father's prayer;
 But break not yet, my outrag'd heart,
 Thou must thy sorrows bear.

At morning's earliest dawn, she call'd
 An handmaid to her bed;
 Oh! let my fire forgive the past,
 And I to day will wed.

Joy flash'd in old Sir Raymond's eye,
 The banquet he prepar'd;
 And to the Castle, Edgar now
 With many a knight repair'd.

Full twenty Ladies, rich attir'd,
 On ambling palfries rode;
 And village maids before the bride,
 Sweet flowers profusely strew'd.

H

With

With downcast eye and faded cheek,
 Full slowly rode the bride,
 As if her beating heart divin'd
 The woes that must betide.

Cloſe by fair Ella, Edgar came,
 His face with rapture glow'd;
 Sweet from the ſkilful minſtrel's harp,
 Soft am'rous ditties flow'd.

The Friar bleſs'd the kneeling pair,
 And many a charge beſtow'd;
 The gay proceſſion now return'd,
 To Raymond's proud abode.

When at the gate a ſtranger bow'd,
 Attir'd in Pilgrim's weed;
 He crav'd a portion of the feaſt,
 And pleaded urgent need.

Approach my friend, Sir Raymond ſaid,
 In happy hour thou'rt come;
 In humbleſt wiſe the Pilgrim bow'd,
 And ent'ring leſt the dome,

Yet all untouch'd the banquet ſtood,
 While he regardful eyed;
 Where high exalted Edgar ſate,
 In dalliance with the bride.

Along

Along the hall the minstrel walk'd,
 His harp beside him swung;
 The Pilgrim o'er each pliant chord
 His hand, deep musing, flung.

What? tho' (he cry'd) oppressive woe
 Weighs down my heavy heart;
 Perchance these fingers yet retain
 Their wonted tuneful art.

Stranger proceed, fair Ella said,
 The rest assenting bow'd;
 Each trembling string, the Pilgrim press'd,
 Then thus began aloud.

P A R T T H E S E C O N D .

O Mighty love! whose wily snares
 Can reason's force controul;
O mighty love! whose sorrows most
 O'er power a gallant soul;

Give

Give me to 'scape thy thralldom dire,
 To rove content and free;
 And let me woman's fairest charms,
 Without emotion see.

For, who would wish to win a heart,
 That but to interest bows
 Or, who would build his dearest hopes,
 On light unmeaning vows?

I lately knew an ill-star'd youth,
 He lov'd a Lady dear;
 And all but those, who knew the sex,
 Suppos'd her love sincere.

Small was his patrimonial wealth,
 And candid so he said;
 Yet fortune did not seem to move
 The much protesting maid.

Close by the Baron's ample courts,
 A wood thick bowring grew;
 Here oft the lovers met, and here
 Would every vow renew.

One day to shun the noon-tide heat,
 The Baron sought the grove,
 There wondering, heard his daughter's voice
 Confess her latent love.

Fierce from the covert shade he rush'd,
 Determin'd to upbraid;
 When, fainting in her lover's arms,
 Appear'd th' affrighted maid.

Compassion, such as fathers feel!
 Recoiling rage suppress;
 Till her deep blush of filial awe
 Returning life confest.

His ready knee the lover bent,
 O honour'd Sir! he said,
 Confine thy just resentment here,
 And spare yon guiltless maid.

Mine was the crime; with fond delight
 Those angel charms I view'd;
 Till beauty, join'd with innate worth,
 My raptur'd heart subdu'd.

Yet, conscious of her high desert,
 I hid my passion long;
 At length I found my rebel eyes
 Less silent than my tongue.

Long time, with all that love could try,
 I woo'd her dear esteem;
 And but of late hath pity deign'd,
 In those bright eyes to beam.

If loving merit be a crime,
 Thy fault I'll share, she cries:
 O father, let his generous plea
 For both alike suffice.

And didst thou know his wond'rous worth,
 Thy judgment might approve;
 Not few the virtues that could gain
 Thy high-soul'd daughter's love!

Then if these virtues dare the test,
 And still to thee aspire,
 Let him produce their glorious fruits,
 Then claim thee of thy fire.

Above our holy crosses in Spain
 The Moorish banner flies;
 There let him fame and conquest gain;
 Thy charms shall be the prize.

Oft had the advent'rous lover wish'd
 To wield the warrior's sword;
 And glory now seem'd brighter far,
 Since beauty would reward.

Yet, tho' her merit he confess'd,
 Long absence much he fear'd;
 And, when his last farewell he sigh'd,
 Suspicious doubts appear'd.

Oh,

O dear as life! whilst absent far
 To merit thee I wend,
 Say, shall thy prayers and fond regard
 Thy wanderer's steps attend?

Full many a youth, of high desert,
 Such graces must pursue,
 And may a vagrant soldier boast,
 Thou wilt be strictly true?

No splendid merit can I boast,
 No patrimonial store;
 All, all my plea, sweet maid, is love,
 Dost thou require no more?

Avaunt suspicion, she reply'd,
 My firm affiance trust;
 May life no longer warm this heart,
 Than whilst to thee 'tis just!

Oh! that thy vows of plighted love,
 May but as firm remain;
 Oh! that thy arm in war as sure,
 The victor's wreath may gain.

Then many a parting tear was shed,
 And many a pledge bestow'd;
 They parted,—he to distant Spain,
 She to her fire's abode.

E'en as the sacred laurel bears
 The light'ning's shock unmov'd;
 E'en so the dangerous test of time,
 The lovers truth approv'd.

Still, as the mid-night watch he led
 Around the tented field;
 What time the lunar radiance shone,
 Bright on his ample shield,

Oh! would'st thou, Queen of night, he said,
 To me propitious prove;
 And bear my oft repeated sighs
 To her I fondly love.

E'en now the gentle dream inspire,
 To me her thoughts incline;
 Tell her, that love hath nerv'd my arm,
 And conquest shall be mine.

Each various chance of war he prov'd,
 Now scarr'd with many a wound;
 Now with renown and conquest grac'd,
 And now a captive bound.

Yet, whether conquest crown'd his sword,
 Or wounds or prisons pain'd;
 His heart, tenacious of its trust,
 Its only love retain'd.

But

But now, each hard achievement o'er,
 With laurels on his brow,
 He sails to England, to demand
 His Lady's plighted vow.

Delightful task! to her he lov'd
 Past dangers to repeat;
 How dear the hope, her pitying tears
 Would make those dangers sweet!

He came; but in a rival's arms
 The faithless fair he found!
 Here Ella gave a plaintive shriek,
 Then sunk upon the ground!

Th' attendant maids the mourner rear'd,
 Whose head by grief oppress'd,
 Like flowers o'er charg'd by copious rain,
 Sunk on her throbbing breast!

Raymond in terrors for his child,
 O'er her recumbent hung;
 Whilst through the hall Earl Edgar's threats
 Against the stranger rung.

Then Alleyne cast his Pilgrim garb
 And tuneful harp aside,
 And stepping forth, a warrior arm'd,
 His rival Earl defied.

Perdition seize thee, traitor! say,

What arts my Ella won?

For well her deep emotion shows,

Her heart is still my own.

Now then with injur'd Alleyne fight,

Nor vague excuses try;

My blood shall stain thy victor sword,

Or thou confest and die!

Thus will I answer, Edgar said,

'Then fierce in combat clos'd;

Oh! instant part them, Raymond cried,

But no one interpos'd;

'Till mighty Alleyne's victor sword,

Deep enter'd Edgar's breast;

Who, sinking low, with pain and shame

His every fraud confest.

Love was the sole excuse he urg'd,

'Then for forgiveness pray'd;

And to his rival's high desert

Resign'd the matchless maid.

Yet could'st not thou, brave Alleyne, boast

The conquest by thee gain'd;

With copious tides of crimson blood,

Thy warrior's scarf was stain'd.

'Tis past, he cry'd, the maze of life
 Now hastens to an end;
 Yet let me now to Ella's ear
 My parting words commend.

Returning life had just illum'd
 The Lady's heavy eye;
 When, deeply contrite for his fault,
 She saw her husband die!

And near advancing, faint and flow,
 Her long-lov'd Alleyne view'd.
 He too, with mortal languors pale,
 And faint with streaming blood,

One other look, one last farewell,
 Is all the fates allow!
 Those cruel fates, who forc'd my love,
 To break her plighted vow!

And wilt thou strew with vernal flowers
 The grave, where Alleyne lies?
 In Alleyne's grave will Ella sleep,
 The dying fair replies!

Scarce can my panting breast retain
 My heart, it beats so fore;
 We go, where flander and deceit
 Can never part us more!

Forgive

Forgive the past—I do!—I do!—
 Here falter'd Alleyne's tongue;
 Yet still around her lover's corse,
 Expiring Ella clung!

Raymond reviving cordials brought,
 And to his child applied;
 But ah! the foul had wing'd its flight!
 She sunk by Alleyne's side!

The wood-bine thus, whose tendrils gay
 The lofty oak enwreath,
 Smote by the ruthless wood-man's axe
 With that, one fate receives.

Now, Raymond, for thy only hope
 Prepare the fun'ral urn!
 Yet ne'er presume to question heav'n,
 Thy own injustice mourn!

Truth ope's the portals of the skies,
 To make her lovers blest;
 Whilst falsehood plants infernal pains,
 In every conscious breast.

SPRING,

S P R I N G . A N O D E .

AND now, obedient to divine command,
 Reluctant winter yields his rigid reign;
 Exulting Nature breaks his cruel band,
 And welcomes Flora to her old domain;
 She from her chariot strews ambrosial flowers;
 'Tis she, that decks the vales, and renovates the bowers,

The pendent icicle perceives the thaw,
 Then quits the straw-roof'd cot, and melts away;
 The snow beholds, and hastens to withdraw,
 But loses first its innocent array:
 Assuming now, a robe of murky hue
 More soil'd, as more receding from our view.

Ice in its northern magazine lies chain'd,
 And all the furious hurricanes are bound;
 Zephyr, by Eurus fierce too long restrain'd,
 Now claps his pinions at the joyful sound;
 The gentle shower descends; earth opens wide
 Her jaws, and thirsty sucks the copious tide.

The glorious sun with vegetative powers
 Endues the air, resolving to unchain
 The willing world, while in his noon-tide hours :
 Well knowing, that his sister Queen again,
 When she resum'd her silver throne, would freeze
 The brooks and rills, and hardly spare the seas.

And now alternate, what bright Phœbus thaws
 By day, by night the Queen of shade congeals :
 Nature, subservient to discordant laws,

In all her springs the dire commotion feels :
 The bud, that noon-tide suns inspir'd to rise,
 Lies dead at evening, chill'd by frosty skies.

Mid the confusion, whilst we scarce can tell
 If winter stays or flies, the snow-drop rears
 Her humid head, and fills each drooping bell

With incense pure and odoriferous tears :
 Safe in its native innocence it stands,
 Nor dreads keen Boreas, nor the wintry bands.

Yet, but a herald to the crocus proud,
 Who peers a King in golden arms array'd,
 Around him daffodils and violets crowd,

And primroses dear to the wood-land maid ;
 Succeeded quickly by a thousand flowers,
 All that delight in meadows, hills, and bowers.

Behold,

Behold, the elm puts on its dark array

Of dusky green; forth shoots the alder dun;

In the light breeze the leaves of aspin play;

The bushy fycamore defies the sun;

And last, as if the sylvan band to close,

The regal oak his ample foliage shows.

But see, the young creation is awake;

The household bee forsakes her waxen cell;

The finny nations wanton in the lake;

The gentle birds their pleasing descants tell;

The lordly steed indignant paws the ground;

And o'er green thymy banks the lambkins bound.

And now the ethereal ram the zenith leaves,

The ram of old furcharg'd with Helle's fate;

This, the proud bull, his rival stern, perceives,

And issues forth in all his radiant state,

He bends his starry horns, enwreath'd with light,

As if to rend the dusky veil of night.

The blessed sun his beams benignly pours

On the glad earth, and bids creation smile:

Exuberant nature pours forth all her stores,

And chearful swains renew their annual toil:

War too, by intermission unsubstid'd,

Resumes its rage for violence and blood!

But

But that I fear my mortal muse would faint,
 And leave me aidless in th' unbounded space,
 My song the starry firmament should paint,
 How planets run their vast elliptic race,
 Arcturus urging on his starry team,
 Orion's sword, and Urfa's guiding beam.

But let me stop the thought, nor strive to rein
 This fiery steed, nor compass heights divine;
 Left I, dismounted on the Lycian plain,
 Mourn like Bellerophon the rash design;
 Enough that I with rude and doric strain,
 Oh genial spring! have hail'd thy welcome reign.

THE PENITENT.

WEARY and hungry, faint and slow,
 Of youth and beauty vain no more!
 Rise, happy lady, and behold
 Thy rival, begging at thy door!

What, though the lustre of mine eye,
 And damask cheek thy Henry charm'd?
 Sickness compell'd the rose to fly,
 And grief the dazzling eye disarm'd.

That once he seem'd to love, was true;
 But soon the rover broke his vow:
 The hours of pleasure quickly flew,
 And years of anguish wait me now.

Deluded girl! ah! had I thought
 His plighted hand another's right,
 Then I, by watchful prudence taught,
 Had shun'd the specious traitor's fight.

Ah! pity innocence betray'd!
 O'er a frail woman drop a tear!
 Nor judge a young, unfriended maid,
 By strict discretion's laws severe!

Driv'n from the cot, where I was born,
 Abandon'd by a father stern;
 Pursu'd by shame, remorse, and scorn,
 Ah, lady! let thy bosom yearn.

Heav'n's gates spontaneously expand
 For those, who bid the wretched live,
 And near thee guardian seraphs stand,
 To register the word—forgive!

Think, for the moment must arrive;
 Oh, mayst thou find it distant far!
 When nature's powers shall feebly strive
 'Gainst tyrant death, in mortal war;

How cordial to thy throbbing breast,
 Will recollected mercy prove!
 Embolden'd shall thy tongue request,
 Such mercy from the God of love.

Close at my shivering breast I bear
 The offspring of my guilty joy;
 Oh! should revenge forbid to spare
 The mother, save the harmless boy!

My frozen arms can scarce sustain
 Its weight; Oh! listen to its cries,
 Partaker of its mother's pain,
 Its inoffensive bosom sighs!

These

These last sad words Estella hear'd,
 And instant op'd her friendly door;
 There Mira faint and pale appear'd,
 Life's feeble functions almost o'er.

Reviving cordials, unctuous balms,
 The handmaid train immediate brought;
 Whilst thus benign, Estella calms
 The anguish of distracted thought;

Ah, Myra! to no ruthless ear,
 Hast thou address thy piteous tale;
 Charm'd at thy penitence sincere,
 Compassion all the past shall veil.

That Henry's tongue had power to move,
 Or Henry's graceful form subdued,
 Can I deny, whose virgin love
 That Henry's fair attractions drew?

Illustrious kindred, large domains,
 My virtue from assault secur'd;
 Fear, the bold libertine, restrains,
 As the fordid mind advantage lures.

Here then, thy recreant Henry came,
 Array'd in sanctity's disguise;
 For, at ambition's call, the flame
 Of wild seduction, instant dies.

Poor, luckless, inexperienced maid!

Thy breast with tender passions warm!

No friends thy innocence to aid,

And flatter'd by the power to charm!

And hast thou fall'n? My pitying breast,

Nor rage, nor jealousy can bear;

With me reside, my friend and guest,

And nurture here thy infant care.

Let scorn the fatal past proclaim;

Let pride thy pensive footsteps shun;

And harsh unfeeling rigour blame

A lovely nymph, by art undone.

My soul prefers the lenient part,

Despair's wild agony to calm;

And o'er contrition's tortur'd heart,

Celestial peace, to shed thy balm!



ERRATA.

Page 9, line 1, for *flowing* read *glowing*.

—18, line 22, for *bear* read *rear*.

—20, line 6, for *pleed* read *plead*.

—41, line 1, for *flow* read *cold*.

—43, line 20, dele *as*.

